as a free man once more after all these years of soul-killing servitude. Once more day broke and the jail was astir, the morning "conjee" came, but I did not care to take it, though offered. My mind was just passing through a 'state of agitation now hoping, now in despair; I stirred myself up at the least sound of foot-steps and peeped out, thinking that they were coming to take me out, but no such news was forthcoming. Seven o'clock and yet no one came;8 o'clock and some one seemed to be -approaching my cell. I got up from my bed and looked about, but lo! it was only a European Warder that came with my morning grab. This time it was not that ordinary "conjee** as of old —so well cartooned in Hemda's jail caricature song—but quite a first class repast, bread, butter, ^herbat, almonds, nuts, plantains and what not. It really made me laugh, considering the very radical change that the attitude of the Government had undergone towards us politi-cals, within the last twelve years* I

did not hpwever say anything there to that effect and fell to, in right earnest, doing all the justice I could to our well meaning host'sJiospitality. I